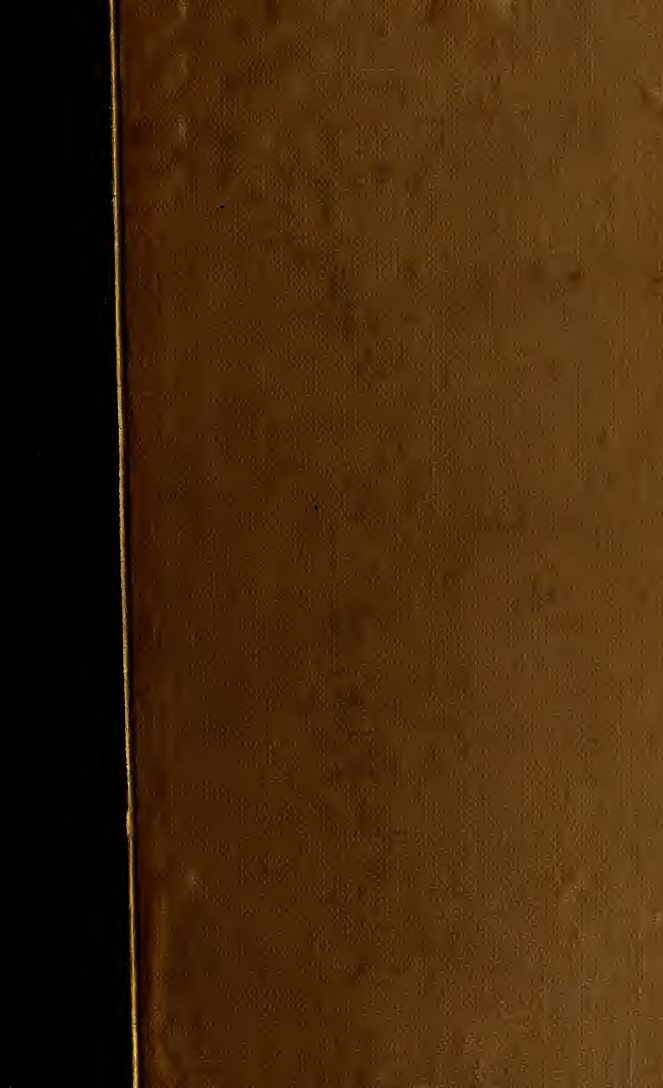




1068
THREE

Famous New Songs

CALLED

Effects of Whisky.

The Valley Below.

LARRY O'GAFF.



PAISLEY:

*Printed by and for G. Caldwell, Junr.
Bookseller, 69, High Street,*

EFFECTS OF WHISKY.

Whisky maks us sometimes foolish,
Whisky maks our pockets light,
Whisky maks us aften mulish,
Whisky gars us aften fight.

Whisky sometimes cures the head-ache,
Whisky aften cures the gripes
Whisky aye can cure the tooth-ache,
Whisky's gude when ta'en wi' swipes.

Whisky maks us scant o' money,
Whisky maks an empty house,
Whisky maks us mair than funny,
Whisky gars us a' crack crouse.

Whisky's gude for a' complainin',
Whisky cures when doctors fail,
Whisky cheers a winter's evening,
• Whisky quicken's head and tail.

Whisky sti'l brings on distempers,
Whisky kills, but canna cure,
Whisky changes a' our tempers,
Whisky maks few rich, but many poor.

To
W
My
By

Whisky gars slow tongues gang quicker,
 Whisky turn the quick to slow,
 Whisky is a potent l quor,
 Whisky answers yes or no.

Whisky secrets ne'er can keep,
 Whisky often tells the truth,
 Whisky is a friend o' sleep,
 Whisky maks a grey hair'd youth.

Whisky worketh every evil,
 Whisky maks my conscience pine,
 Whisky it can dare the devil,
 Whisky is the prince of crime,

Whisky's praise could ne'er be ended,
 Whisky's wars are sad and lang,
 Whisky still is we'el befriended,
 Whisky finishes this sang.

THE BEAUTY OF THE VALLEY BELOW.

Ye Muses divine, your theme pray refine
 To characterize a beautifull maid
 Whose bright celestial charms
 Ty senses has alarm'd
 By her angelic form I'm subdu'd

Fair Helen or Venus with her cannot vie
 She appeared like an angel unto my eye
 I submissively approached her
 On my word you may rely
 I espied her in yon valley below
 In amazement I gazed on that bright celest-
 ial creature

With my blood trembling in every vein
 Like Cupid alarmed my passion assailed
 I exclaimed in a tottering pain
 Saying you bright celestial charms
 Your aid I implore to extricate my misery
 My liberty restore

I am deeply bewailing come aid therefore
 For the beauty of the valley below
 Dame nature has studied to form each feature
 She's an ornament of the creation I'm sure
 Her majestic department and angler statre
 Are the sources of those tortures I endure
 In excruciating torturee I'm sorely oppressed
 And by nocturnal phantoms 'm I deprived of
 my rest

I'm involved in misery and sorely oppressed
 For the beauty of the valley below
 The gods from Olympus view'd her with ad-

meration

As she gracefully moved along
Attend by that goddess whom they call Venus

Or the nymphs that around her does throng
Still viewed her with admiration

That sweet nymph divine
It is on her that those graces

Does perpetually shine
She is altogether lovely

Oh! if she was mine
She's the beauty of the valley below

Her hair in golden traces
On her shoulders doth adorn

And her cheeks are of vermilion dye
Her eyes shine with lustre

My senses has alarmed
Indian pearl with her teeth cannot vie

Pandora whom the Gods
With such graces has endowed

Was never so resplendant as by angels
Or the train of captive lovers

That daily does surround the beauty of the
valley below

Was I richer than great Alexander
Or a ruler of the terrestrial ball

That seraphic fair one I freely would give
 For she totally proves my downfall
 In deep reverbration I'll range the world o'er
 Namely from the pole to the Atlantic
 Still void of consolation now & for ever
 For the beauty of the valley below.

LARRY O'GAFF.

Near a bog in sweet Ireland I'm told sure that
 born I was;
 Well I remember a fine muddy morr it was;
 My father, poor man, would cry "What a green
 horn I was!" [laugh! "
 Three months I'm married—O dear, how they'll
 Says he to my mother,—“Troth, Judy I'll leave
 you joy!” [my boy
 Says Judy to him,—“Och, the devil may care,
 St. Patrick,” says he, “but I'll leave you
 both here to cry
 What will we do for our Mr. O'Gaff?
 With my dideroo whack, off I am,
 None of your blarney, ma'am,
 Keep your brat, to him chat
 All the day, so you may; [Larry,
 By the powers I won't tarry!”—So he left little
 And I never saw more of my daddy O'Gaff.

O then I grew up, and a sweet looking chick I was
 Always the devil for twirling the stick I was ;
 But somehow or other my numscull so thick it was
 Go where I would every creature would laugh.
 I rambled to England, where I met with a squad
 of boys,

Got me promoted to carry the hod, my boys ;
 I crept up the ladder like a cat newly shod, my
 boys —

“A steep way to riches,” quoth Larry O’Gaff.
 Crying dideroo whack, in and out.
 Ladder crack, break your back,
 Head turning round about,
 Ladder crack, break your back,
 Tumble down, crack your crown !

My dear master Larry, this hod that you carry
 Disgraces the shoulders of Mr. O’Gaff,

Then I got a master, and dress’d like a fop I was,
 Bran new and span new from bottom to top I was ;
 But the ould fellow popt in as taking a drop I was
 Says he “Mr. Larry, yon bog trotting calf,
 Get out of my house, or I’ll lay this about your
 back !” [smack ;

The twig in his fist like the mast of a herring-
 over my napper he soon made the switch to crack,

So he turned off Mr. Lawrence O’Gaff.
 Singing “didereo whack, lubbub-bow,
 Drums beating rowdy-dow,

Od's my life, piay the fife,
Patrick's day, fire away!

In the army so frisky, I'll tipyle their whisky,
With a whack for old Ireland," says Larry O'Gaff
'Then they made me a soldier,—but O, how gen-
teel I was!

Scarlet and tape from the head to the heel I was,
"But Larry," says I, when brought into the field
I was,

'Larry, you dont like this fighting by half!
But we fought like the devil, as Irishmen ought,
Neatly we beat Mr. Boney at Waterloo; [to do,
Now the war's over and peace we have got for you

Welcome to Ireland sweet Larry O'Gaff!

With my dideroo whack, saved my neck,
Round and sound free from wound,
With a wife spend my life,

Sport and play, night and day! [Kearneys,
Arrah none of your blarney, for the breed of the
Would die for old Ireland, with Larry O'Gaff.

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